THE MERRY HEART.

When you come to a wearisome bit of the road,
Where the stones are thick and the path is steep,
And the back is bowed with the heft of the load,
As the narrowing way is hard to keep,
Don't stop just then for a wasteful sigh,
But challenge the worst with steadfast cheer;
If nowhere else, there is help on high—
God's angel will hasten, your pioneer.

When you reach a lonesome bit of the road,
Curtained about with mist and murk,
And you hear faint sounds from the dread above,
Where shivering, grim hobgoblins lurk,
Just laugh to scorn their doleful cries—
This is the place to whistle and sing;
Brush the fog from your fearless eyes,
And close to the faith of your fathers cling.

When you stand at a sorrowful bit of the road,
And a hand you loved has loosed its clasp;
When streams are dry that in sweetness flowed,
And flowers drop from your listless grasp;
E'en now take heart, for further on
There are hope and joy and the dawn of day;
You shall find again what you thought was gone;
'Tis the merry heart goes all the way.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in N. Y. Tribune.

Their Last Charge

By JOHN W. HARDING.

"HEARD the latest from the Philippines?" queried young Lieut. Gay at the Raconteurs' club, as he glanced up from his newspaper at a number of the members who, cigar in mouth, were enjoying the post-prandial hour of dolce far niente, utterly indifferent, in their contentment and comfortable surroundings, to the wind that rattled and the rain that beat against the windows of their Fifth avenue clubhouse. "Here's a single Filipino who has the sand to charge a whole American column!"

"Wow!" chorused his listeners, incredulously. "And what happened to the gentle Tagalog?"

"He isn't, or I suppose it is safe to say wasn't, a Tagalog, but a Moro," replied the lieutenant, "though I suppose all Filipinos are alike to us here. As to what happened to him, the dispatch leaves it to the imagination."

There was silence for a moment, then a slight, elegant man of medium height, with clean-cut features and a gray pointed beard, remarked quietly:

"That recalls a similar and very extraordinary incident which I witnessed in the Soudan in 1885."

The speaker was Stanford Hylish, a visiting English journalist and ex-war correspondent, to whom the courtesies of the club had been extended. The entire company was attention immediately, and Mr. Hylish, on being pressed, continued:

"It was during the operations, begun too late, alas! for the rescue of Gordon at Khartoum. I was with the column commanded by Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart, which made that famous dash across the desert to Metemneh when 1,500 Tommies and bluejackets at Abu Klea fought off 10,000 tribesmen whose valor is immortalized in Kipling's barrack-room ballad 'Fuzzy-Wuzzy.'

"The column was made up of the Sussex regiment, mounted infantry, a camel corps of guardsmen, and a detachment of men-o'-war's men, with a troop of the Nineteenth hussars acting as scouts. We hurried along with us four screw guns and a couple of gatlings. Big Col. Fred Burnaby, of 'The Ride to Khiva' fame, was of the expedition, and rejoicing mightily thereat, caring nothing (if he had any premonition of his fate) that it was to mark the close of his adventurous career. Not having been able to get himself sent to the front, he had secured several months' leave of absence, and, armed with a shotgun, had overtaken the army on the Nile, having dodged, by avoiding the Egyptian towns, imperative orders to return telegraphed to every point of possible interception by the war department authorities, who had learned of his departure.

"We had made a forced march of 18 hours and were nearing the wells at Abu Klea. Not a man had had a morsel to eat or a drop to drink during all that time. Most of us were on the verge of prostration from fatigue and the torture caused by the sand and fine dust which clogged our mouths, ears and nostrils, causing an intolerable thirst, and penetrated our worn and in many cases ragged clothing. The scouts, dashing in at breakneck speed, apprised us of danger, and we barely had time to form a square about our baggage and animals when two mighty, surging torrents of black humanity swept upon us.

"Three minutes after the first horde got within range we could scarcely see each other, owing to the smoke from the rifles. There was no wind. The atmosphere, heavy with the terrible heat, as it seemed to us, appeared to concentrate the powder smoke in a dense, acrid, choking pall through which it was impossible to see the onrushing tribesmen. The screw guns had to be cleared of sand before they could be put into action. As for the gatlings, they had to be taken to pieces and cleaned. Bluejackets inside the square were doing this expeditiously, but with the utmost calmness, amid pandemonium, for the men told off to look after the animals were having the tussle of their lives. Some of the camels and horses had been wounded, and were squealing and plunging madly. Meanwhile officers were rushing along the rear of the lines of the square, shouting amid the din into the ears of the men to aim low at their invisible foes.

"Suddenly, on the left rear of the square, where the heavy cavalry and camel corps men had formed, an immense black mass which had broken through the terrible circle of fire loomed through the smoke cloud at the very barrels of the rifles, and, hurling itself upon the square with the irresistible force of an avalanche, broke through the lines. Some of the cavalrymen, true to their instincts, and lacking the infantrymen's training to meet such an emergency, broke ranks and rushed at the enemy. The others and the infantry stood their ground, and by dint of terrific fighting closed the gap. Many of the hapless cavalrymen thus shut out fell, pierced by the bullets of their comrades. The tribesmen who had broken through were quickly cut down, though not before Col. Burnaby and many other gallant fellows had been killed. Burnaby, you may recall, received a spear thrust in the throat. Gen. Stewart himself had a narrow escape, his horse being slain under him.

"Meanwhile one of the fiercest and bloodiest hand-to-hand fights in the annals of warfare was in progress all along the line. Every man, handicapped from the first by exhaustion though he was, knew that not only his own existence, but the lives of the entire command, depended upon the square being kept intact. Tommies and tars fought like demons, and for the first time I understood how the expression 'to swear like a trooper' probably had its origin, for while they fought they swore continuously and horribly, and the curses of the wounded would in any other circumstances have been frightful to hear. What they were 'up against,' as you American say, will be better understood when I tell you that those gigantic and absolutely fearless blacks hurled themselves upon the bayonets and deliberately impaled themselves in order to reach, and enable other warriors behind them to attain, with their spears and long swords the men holding the square.

"All this took place in a few minutes. Then the gatlings and other guns got to work and the black mass withered away in their fire and the leaden hail from the rifles.

"The result is matter of history. Our casualties were 9 officers and 65 non-commissioned officers and men killed and 85 wounded. The tribesmen left about 2,000 killed and wounded on the field.

"It was then that the incident recalled by the lone Filipino with his bolo occurred. Nearly an hour after it was all over and the black host had vanished, the men not engaged in attending to the wounded and the animals were drawn up awaiting orders. They were in loose lines, propping themselves on their rifles and discussing the battle. A thousand yards away a superb Fuzzy-Wuzzy rose from amid the hillocks of slain and looked wildly upon the scene of carnage about him. He was of uncommon stature and proportions, even for these big athletic men of the desert, and evidently a chief. His actions attracted immediate attention. He gazed at the thin, grim ranks of the conquerors from the north who were blazing the way for the advance of civilization into the wild fastnesses of his ancestors; scanned the horizon on every side in vain for a trace of the Mahdi's mighty and reputed invincible cohorts; looked once more upon the bodies heaped and strewn around him, then picked up a shield and spear, and with a scream of defiance and despair charged upon the army at full speed!

"The Tommies who had supposed he was wounded—as he doubtless was, unless he had been simply stunned by a bullet—were astonished beyond measure. Not quite knowing whether to take him seriously they were reluctant to kill him. Besides, perhaps they felt a little sympathetic admiration for him. But the warrior was out for blood, and evidently not disposed to listen to argument. His poised spear meant death to some one, and amid cries of 'Don't shoot; 'it 'im a toss with the butt!' 'Look out; 'e's as mad as a March hare!' and 'Give it to the poor beggar; it can't be helped!' a dozen men raised their rifles, there was a crackling fire, and the warrior pitched forward and lay about 100 yards from the detachment of guards.

"That night, while soldiers and sailors, exhausted as men rarely are, were dreaming the battle over again, or of those they had left behind in the peaceful towns and villages of England, I lay sleepless from nervous excitement, watching the sentries silhouetted in the violet night and the great bright stars that twinkled seemingly so near to earth as to be almost within reach. The vision of that solitary warrior, such was the impression he made upon me, recurred with depressing persistence, and, although I have seen many terrible scenes of suffering and heroism in war, as it frequently has done since, and probably will continue to do when I am alone with my thoughts, until at my last bivouac I fall into the slumber that knows no dreaming."—N. Y. Times.

Glue for Pork Pies.

Pork pie fanciers in England are disturbed. A firm of glue manufacturers has published the fact that a customer who bought a large amount of glue asked if there was any deleterious material in it. On inquiry it was found that he meant to use the glue in making pork pies, and the sale was canceled.